

IN FRONT OF VICKSBURG.

The Last Day of the Siege—The Scene on the Day of Surrender.

The American Civil War, by the Count of Paris.

An almost continuous line of half batteries, interspersed with redoubts for the field artillery from the Maines bluff to Big Black River, was completed by the 22d of June. This enormous work of circumvallation, which had a development equal to that of the lines of countervallation, enabled Sherman to hold in check all the force that Johnston could bring against him, by allowing him to concentrate the troops for repulsing an attack, whatever might be the point manœuvred.

This epoch, from the 22d to the 25th of June, made the termination of the first period of the siege. The situation of the two adversaries may be summed up in a few words—Grant's army, which on May 22 only numbered 30,000 combatants, has now reached 75,000. It has erected around Vicksburg from twelve to thirteen miles of fortifications and constructed eighty-two batteries, in which, a few days later 220 pieces of artillery were placed in position. Eight approaches have been directed against the place by Woods, Tuttle, Blair, Logan, A. J. Smith, Carr, Lannan and Herron. At some points the foremost lines within ten or fifteen yards of the enemy's works. Finally, a corps of observation is located between the Yazoo and the Big Black; it keeps watch over a long line of circumvallation extending from river to river and resting its left upon the entrenched camp of Haines' bluff.

Meanwhile Johnson has gradually formed an army of 26,000 men; he has gathered the material and the means of transportation, and is prepared to take the field. In Vicksburg the scarcity of provisions is beginning to be felt; the ammunition is used sparingly, and the health of the able-bodied men, whose numbers are daily reduced by the sickness, is attended to. The artillery fire has ceased completely, and the combatants are so near each other that they are obliged to fight at short range. The Confederates are throwing grenades into the trenches of the besiegers, which cause much damage. They try to undermine their works, and the Federals reply by resorting to the same means. This kind of warfare soon gives rise to fresh incidents. Logan's soldiers succeed in mining the great redan situated on the Jackson road, which was guarded by a portion of Forney's division. On the 25th of June, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, a violent explosion was heard, and the air was filled with the fragments of the salient angle of this work, leaving a vast crater in its place; the whole interior was laid in ruins; a few sappers engaged in digging a countermine were crushed; nearly all the soldiers—few in number, however—who guarded the redan were killed, and it is even asserted that some among them were thrown alive into the Federal lines, where they found themselves prisoners as a result of this strange mode of traveling. A column of infantry soon climbs over the debris which the explosion has piled up in heaps, but the enemy is not taken unawares; he has erected a second line at the entrance of the work. The 6th Missouri rushes forward in its turn to dispute the redan with the Unionists; being repulsed in this attack it nevertheless succeeds in maintaining its position behind the new obstacle and pours a perfect torrent of grenades and packages of lighted cartridges upon the assailants, who are crowded within the crater. Cockerell's brigade comes to its assistance, and the combat is thus continued the whole night. In the morning the interior of the redan is abandoned by both parties, and the Federals plant themselves upon the remnant of the exterior parapet. They had lost about thirty men, and had only gained a few feet of ground, but they had weakened the enemy's line of defence.

In order to add to his discomfort a new mine was begun under another redan, situated on the left of the Jackson road, and on July 1 its explosion entirely destroyed this work, killing and wounding a large number of Confederates; some of them were buried under the debris, but disinterred safe and sound several hours after. In consequence of the position of this mine the greater portion of the earth was thrown to the side of the besiegers, who quickly took possession of this kind of parapet and planted themselves on it, but did not try to carry the second line of the defenses. Thenceforth the shovel and the pickaxe were no longer sufficient; it was necessary to prepare for the assault which was to give the final blow to the garrison. The parallels were enlarged and the drilling-grounds widened; all the necessary materials—ladders, planks, fascines, gabions—were got together near the points of attack, and the batteries so arranged as to concentrate their fire at a given signal. The solemn hour was approaching.

On the morning of the 4th of July—a day when the whole of America celebrates the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—the white flag reappeared upon the Confederate works. They made known to both parties that Grant's conditions had been accepted by Pemberton after consultation with all his generals. At 10 o'clock precisely the Federals beheld long columns of men, dressed in brown or in gray, emerging from those works which, until then, they had not been able to approach except at the peril of their lives. Some defile by way of the postern gates, others jump over the

parapets, which are thenceforth useless; they stack their muskets, and, silently planting their colors upon that soil which has been watered by the blood of their comrades, range themselves in front of their lines. These troops number 32,600 men, of whom 2,138 are officers and fifteen are generals; the artillery consisted of seventy-two guns, more than half of which were field pieces.

A Hen's Queer Brood.

A guest from the Red River, over the Arkansas line, arrived in this city Saturday and took board at a prominent hotel. Other guests, seated in the shade on the front, listened to the Red River stranger's stories of life in his native land. "About alligators," queried a gentleman, "I learn the business of hunting them is on the increase; from what portion of the saurian is the profit mostly derived?" "Fer's that's concerned," the man replied, "all portions is good. The ivories of a big gator is worth \$5; his hide is worth \$10, and as to his oil, that ain't no estimating the vally of that. The gyrls is finding it betern any other top dressing. Hits already scented with musk, and some folks say it makes the hair grow fastern you ken cut it off. This may be owing to the hairy element in the grease, never having had a chance under the thick skin of the gator, and when it gets turned loose on a gyrl's head it sends the sprouts shooting like crab-grass in a melon patch; and then there is the eggs."

"Eggs!"

"Yes, eggs; what's the matter with you?"

"What are the eggs good for?" enquired the hotel keeper, in astonishment.

"They'd be good for your boarders!" replied the imperturbable traveler. Better'n the stale ones you mostly buy." Here the traveler mused awhile and suddenly broke into a roar of laughter. "Speaking of gator eggs," he continued, "reminds me of a funny thing happened my wife. My boy Albert went down on Horsepin creek and fetched home a hatfull of gator eggs and put 'em under a hen that was trying to hatch sumthing outern a old door knob and a bois d'arc apple. The hen was awfully proud her eggs, and she heated her incubator to full steam and went to setting about twenty mile a hour. They wern't long hatchin'—them gator eggs wern't, and when the day come and that mess of ugly lizards come sprawlin' outern the shells, the hen peeped under herself to see what was up, or rather what was down. Maybese her feelings was like a fellow's on the other end of a hard spree when the monkeys begin to climb his breeches legs. It ain't given us to know what reflections disturbs the full bosom of a affectionate hen and how her heart yearns over her orphan asylum, bought at 15 cents a dozen and foisted on her for her personal family. It is not so cruel to set a hen on bought eggs, provided they is hen eggs, for the poor critter thinks they is her own, but when it comes to making her the step-mother of a hat full of Arkansas alligators, hits cruelty to animals and no mistake. My wife was in the coop setting another old pullet when the old foster hen of lizards first disskivered what kind of offspring Heaven had sent her. Wife says the cackling that poor hen sot up wern't the hopeful music of triumphant hen matronhood; she says the poor critter gave a squawl such as a hen gives when a prowling possum climbs the roost tree, and went from that coop like she was riding a cyclone on a mission to the west. Wife never seed that hen any more. She might've concluded she had disgraced the hen family and went and drowned herself; but be that as it may, wife put them young 'gators in her apron and I traded 'em to a curiosity hunter fur enough to git a new gun and I have got some left now. What'll you drink?"

Selecting A Horse.

The Turf, Field, and Farm, than which there is no better authority on the subject, says that "in buying a horse, first look at his head for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains, you can not teach him to do anything well. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and intensify them. The head is the indicator of disposition. A square muzzle, with large nostrils, evidences an ample breathing apparatus and lung power. Next, see that he is well under the jaw, with jaw-bones broad and wide apart under the throatle. Breadth and fullness between the eyes and ears are always desirable. The eyes should be full and hazel in color, ears small and thin, and thrown well forward. The horse that turns his head back every now and then is not to be trusted. He is either a biter or a kicker and is sure to be vicious in other respects, and, being naturally vicious can never be trained to do anything well; and so a horse with a rounding, nose and a tapering forehead, and a broad, full face is not to be depended on. Avoid the long-legged, stilted animal,—always choosing one with a short, straight back and rump, withers high and shoulders sloping, well set back, and with a good depth of chest, fore legs short, hind legs straight, with low down hock, short pastern joints, and a round mulish shaped foot."

"If I thought I was to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springe. And when she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough!

The Shepherd's Life.

None but those who have followed herding sheep, as a business, can realize and comprehend the privations, isolation and self-denial it entails.

Often for days, weeks, and even months he is away as it were from the habitations of men, cut off from an association with his fellows, with no companion save his sheep, or perchance, his faithful dog. Of things transpiring in the active, busy world, he has no cognizance; to all intents and purposes a prisoner within the circumscribed boundaries of his range. Early and late he is expected to be with his flocks, to have a constant watch over them and is held responsible for their safety. No matter what conditions of weather, he must face and endure it without complaint. After his day's work with his sheep, tired and hungry, he must make his fire, get water and cook his food.

Then as the shades of night fall about him, lonely and silent he keeps his vigils, holding communication with none but his own thoughts.

Each succeeding day brings the same monotonous routine of duty, with but little if any change of variety. Yet if he be faithful to the trust confided to him and mindful of the interest of his employer, time and patience thus employed, is not wasted, but reaps its reward.

To-day in Texas are to be met with many successful and prosperous sheep owners, who began as herders. In our experience we have frequently known men to be employed as shepherds, who in culture, intelligence and deportment were gentlemen. They followed this life, not merely for support, but to acquire the practical experience in the care and handling of sheep, so essential to success in every flockmaster. The time has been, not only in Texas, but in even far more ancient history when the shepherd was looked upon as occupying a very low place in society. We have frequently heard the assertion that none but a lazy man would herd sheep. Now is this true? What flockmaster who knows the value of his flock, wants such a character in charge of them? We say a lazy sheep-herder is a nuisance, not worth the rations he eats. In the handling of a flock are too many responsibilities to be entrusted to any such person. The active, wide-awake shepherd can always find employment about his camp or herd although the duties of every day may be the same. For two long years we followed this life, and know whereof we speak. The flockmasters who have had a like experience, are those who appreciate and value good, honest work on the part of their shepherds. They know how to sympathize with their isolation and exposure, and are ever ready with a word of cheer and approbation. Of course there is a class of shepherds whose only ambition is to receive their wages and food. By nature they have no higher aim, and are but a few degrees removed from the flocks they tend. They have no conception of the feelings of the shepherd who has in view the attainment of flocks of his own. Many of this class are to be found, however, who in so far as they comprehend the nature of a contract involving only service and compensation, are faithful and honest.

Therefore, to the sheepmen we say, be watchful and considerate towards your shepherds. At all times be kindly disposed towards them, exercise patience in their inexperience, and by every means at your command render them as comfortable as you can. In doing so you will reap your reward, while at the same time you aid a struggling fellow-man along the road to success. To the shepherd who reads and thinks for himself, we say, magnify and honor your calling. Be true to every trust, faithful in little as well as large matters, and make yourself of value and use to your employers. Take encouragement from the knowledge that in the history of the past, great men at some era of their lives followed the same humble pursuit.

In sacred writ, what glorious memories are linked with the shepherd! 'Twas to shepherds tending their flocks on the plains of Judea, heavenly messengers appeared to announce the birth of him who was to be the Savior of men. Jacob, the grand old patriarch in Israel, tended flocks to obtain the woman he loved, to become his wife. David also, called the "Sweet singer of Israel" was called upon to lay down his shepherd's crook to wield the sceptre as king of a mighty nation. With such instances as these to solace and cheer your lonely life, you can assuredly be proud of your calling, step by step you bring the time when you become a flock-master.

Confidence and esteem on the part of flock-master and shepherd is what we inculcate, together with co-operation in management and care of sheep. Herein lies much of subsequent

success, and will go far towards maintaining and building up the prosperity of sheep husbandry.—Texas Wool Grower.

—Before the civil war the export of pecan nuts from Indianola Texas, were reported at \$100,000; now it is estimated that the amount annually gathered exceed \$2,000,000 in value. No care, however, has been taken of the trees; in fact, in many localities, trees fifty to one hundred years old have been cut down to secure the nuts. Mexicans and negroes are the most numerous gatherers.

—The Abilene Reporter reports receipts of wool at that place 172,207 pounds; in store at the three warehouses at least 480,000 pounds. Shipments for the week, 230,894 pounds; shipments to date, 1,541,823 pounds; receipts to date, 2,021,823 pounds. Shipments to same date last year, 718,805 pounds; receipts to same date last year, 928,805 pounds. Receipts this season will reach 2,800,000, and probably 3,000,000 pounds.

A young Nebraska farmer refused to marry his betrothed because she used powder. He evidently thought it unsafe to have a match where there was too much powder.

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